

SOUTH BEND NEWS-TIMES

THE NEWS-TIMES PRINTING COMPANY.

210 West Colfax Avenue. South Bend, Indiana

Entered as second class matter at the Postoffice at South Bend, Indiana.

BY CARRIER.

Daily and Sunday in advance, per copy.....12c
Daily, single copy.....5c
Sunday, single copy.....5c

BY MAIL.

Daily and Sunday in advance, per year.....\$4.00
Daily, in advance, per year.....\$3.00

If your name appears in the telephone directory you can telephone your want "ad" to The News-Times office and a bill will be mailed after its insertion. Home phone 1151; Bell phone 2160.

CONE, LORENZEN & WOODMAN

Foreign Advertising Representatives.
225 Fifth Avenue, New York. Advertising Building, Chicago

SOUTH BEND, INDIANA, OCTOBER 8, 1913.

A SOURCE OF PRIDE.

The splendid work of the democratic congress and President Wilson must be a source of pride to every democrat. For years democracy has fought for a reduction of tariff rates. During at least two republican administrations a large number of republicans joined in this demand. But the protected interests were so strongly entrenched that the wishes of the great consuming public went for naught. In the face of a popular protest the Taft administration saddled the infamous Paine-Aldrich tariff upon the country. And now, at its first opportunity democracy has fulfilled its promise to the people and has given a tariff law approaching the popular desire.

And how was this splendid result accomplished? How were the people able to dislodge the interests from the seat of power? By the long laborious work of democrats in every town and countryside for many years. We have a political form of government. Great ends can only be attained by strong party organizations. The national party consists only of the members living in the various communities. Everything which makes for strength and prestige in the party tends toward the strength and prestige of the national party. The converse is equally true.

It is the knowledge of this fact that has prompted an onslaught on the democratic party in many cities of the state under the guise of "citizens movements." The "interests" know that if given time democracy will destroy the system of government support which has fed the few at the expense of the many. To destroy the party in its local working forces, "citizens" movements have been started in the hope of leading democrats away from the party. You can see "the system" at work in South Bend. It is a significant fact that the highest local official of the Standard Oil company is devoting practically all his time in an attempt to wreck the local organization. A few weeks ago the South Bend Tribune, an anti-democratic organ, gave the alarm that success by the democracy in the city election means greater strength and prestige in the county and congressional elections of next year. Of course it does. That is why hundreds of democrats are active in this campaign.

The democratic party is one of principles. It is not a mere coterie of political freebooters looking for the salary and glory of place. The best assistance to democracy is local success; the best expression of approval and confidence in the Wilson administration is local success. This is why the anti-democratic organ and certain subsidized employees of special interests are endeavoring to stop the successful progress of the party. The reason for their activities are so self-evident that no democrat who believes in the principles of his party should be deceived by their shallow pretences.

THE PHILIPPINE POLICY.

With the arrival in the Philippines of the new governor-general, Francis Burton Harrison, the policy of the administration toward the islands was clearly defined. The ultimate independence of the Philippines is planned, but no such indiscretion as fixing a time limit was indulged in.

The attitude of the United States, as proclaimed by Gov.-Gen. Harrison, in his inaugural address, is that of a trustee. In relieving the Philippines of subservience to the Spanish throne this government acquired no conqueror's rights but rather voluntarily assumed the duties and responsibilities of a trustee. The Filipinos by the result of the Spanish-American war became wards rather than subjects or citizens of the United States.

The policy is the same as that adopted toward Cuba, which is making a successful effort to prove itself worthy of the confidence reposed in its people and the forbearance of the United States, which might have permanently annexed the island without exciting serious protest from any outside source but not without stultifying itself as the professed friend and protector of its sister nations. Events have proved that the responsibility assumed in both cases was a heavy one. Neither Cuba nor the Philippines has been an easy problem.

Because of distance, conditions and the character of the people, ranging from the highest civilization and intelligence to savagery and ignorance, and of the greater numbers and larger territory with its physical difficulties the Philippines have furnished far the most serious problem, and yet the progress made has been substantial and hopeful. The advance has encouraged Pres. Wilson to believe that within the period of eight years, the independence of the Filipinos may be accomplished.

This may be too optimistic, but it will exert a good influence and is given emphasis by the assurance that affairs will be pushed to this consummation.

as rapidly as possible consistent with the safety and permanent welfare of the islands. The sincerity of the administration is manifested in the announcement that the first step in this direction under the new administration will be to give the native citizens of the islands a majority in the appointive commission and in both houses of the legislature.

The concession distinguishes the protective policy of the United States from the colonial policy of Great Britain, which fills the appointive offices of its colonies at least with appointees sent out from the home country. It is to be made plain to the Filipinos that the acquirement of their national independence depends upon themselves.

CHINA'S REDEMPTION.

From a despotism to a full fledged republic within one year is the remarkable record of China, and the transition was comparatively peaceful. That it was a result of the example of the United States should be a source of pride to the American people.

The oldest nation in the world followed in the footsteps of the youngest, the most striking example of progress in the twentieth century. With its ultimate population of four hundred millions including tribes that are still almost in the savage state, China is working out its destiny with an intelligence and force that promise great things for its future.

It was fitting that Yuan Shi Kai should be the first duly elected president of the republic. He has been a strong man in the official life of the nation since arriving at maturity. Under the old regime he was entrusted with the task of reorganizing the army on a modern basis. He was delegated to arrange the terms of the abdication of the throne and when the republic was established he became its provisional president.

Yuan has now been elected president by a united houses of parliament. His term is five years. The proceeding was watched with deep interest from all parts of the republic. The intelligent people of China realize that a new era has dawned for their country, that new possibilities have been placed in its way by throwing over the autocratic, mysterious power that has bound them hand and foot for centuries.

MONOPOLY NEXT!

Monopoly is next in the administration barber shop, according to advices from Washington. With the tariff out of the way and currency reform sitting up to have its hair combed the task of cleaning up the special privileges has almost reached its third stage.

It is expected that monopoly will get a shave, a haircut, a shampoo and a neutralizing bath. Heretofore it has had nothing but a shave. It looked better after the operation, but in reality was little changed. The plan now is to give it a thorough overhauling and render it harmless as a purveyor of destructive infection to business.

The head of the works has his preparations for the process complete. The boss barber has honed his razor and ground his shears and his bottle of suds for the scalp has been strengthened with an injection of ammonia. The master of the bath has dissolved a large quantity of salt in the water and added a series of steel brushes to his equipment. The implements and cleansers are expected to get down to the skin in some instances and under it in others.

The treatment is intended to be as much unlike an immunity bath as possible and an entirely new experience for this favorite ward of the nation in the past. When monopoly steps out of the administration's tendorial department, if it has not disappeared through solution, it will be so changed its most intimate friends will not recognize it.

Indifference and ignorance made it necessary to extend the time for registration one day in order that several thousand voters might have another opportunity to qualify for the November election. As a basis of appreciation of citizenship the situation is not creditable.

Gov. Sulzer's unfitness for the position he occupies seems to have passed the doubtful stage, but it does not necessarily follow that the survival of the fittest will be exemplified by the accession of Lieut. Gov. McGlynn.

It is less important that it would cost the eastern railroads \$18,000,000 a year to grant the wage demands of their employees than that the men earn the money and that the railroads can afford to pay it.

Sen. Cummins has cited a number of reforms that must be carried out by republicans, but as the republican party cannot carry its own weight the demand seems unreasonable.

Congress may as well be good and yield to Pres. Wilson's wishes. The head of the works has cut out the work and will insist on having it done.

It would be in the nature of a calamity if Maxims' noise absorbers should be attached to the grandstands in Philadelphia and New York.

Wall st. is alarmed over the report that all forms of monopoly will be attacked. But isn't it about time Wall st. should worry a little.

None, which has given the world \$35,000,000 in gold dust, is calling for help. Such is the mutability of life in mining camps.

Granting that Spencer is lying about his murderous deeds it must be admitted that he is an atrocious liar.

What has the fly done for mankind that it should be permitted to survive?

Chicago's fall crop of crime is sufficient to make records for a dozen cities.

MARRIED LIFE AFTER THE FIRST YEAR AFTER THE HONEYMOON

By Mabel Herbert Urner.

THE BABY'S BATH.

It was Sunday morning. And Sunday was always a difficult time. Everyone got up later and the machinery of the household seemed never to run quite smooth.

While on week days Warren was off to his office by nine, on Sundays he rarely got up until ten. But instead of the long rest being beneficial, it seemed to make him more irritable. And this morning it was raining, which kept him from his accustomed morning walk and added to his irritability.

Of the four Sunday papers which he always took only three had been delivered that morning. The irregularity in the delivery of papers had been frequent of late, and now he started into the nursery to complain to Helen about it. (Whatever went wrong he somehow always managed to make her feel responsible.) As he opened the door he found the room empty and close, with the radiator sputtering loudly in the corner.

"By George! What are you trying to make of this room a hot-house?" Helen was kneeling before the lower drawer of the chiffonier laying out some fresh clothes for the baby.

"Oh, Warren, shut the door—we're getting ready for the baby's bath." "Well, it will be a steam bath in this room—why, it's sickening."

"Warren, don't stand there talking and keeping that door open. Either come in or out—but shut the door!" But Warren stood obstinately, still, holding the door open. "Don't you know such heat as this isn't good for anyone? Why, the child will be sick if you bathe it in here."

"And it will have the croup if you keep that door open!" "No, it won't. What are you trying to make of it anyway—a hot-house plant? I tell you right now, I'm not going to have any child of mine, raised that way. I want a rugged, healthy child—not a frail, sickly, pampered thing."

"Oh, yes you can—you can't begin too soon. Accustom it now to plenty of fresh air—don't weaken it in a room like this."

"I suppose you'd advise an ice-bath with all the windows open?" "Well, by Jove, I'm not so sure even that wouldn't be better than this."

"Oh, wearily, what do you know about a baby's bath. Please shut that door and go away—it will take half an hour to get the room warm again. I've been bathing it every morning so far, without your suggestion, and I think I can dispense with them now."

"This was a mistake, and she knew it, but he had been irritable all morning, and her own patience was almost at an end."

"You can, eh?" angrily. "Well I guess right here is where my suggestions take effect." And he strode across the room and turned off the sizzling radiator.

"Now if that baby is to be bathed this morning it is to be done in a moderately warm, well-ventilated room, and not in this wilting heat."

Helen disclaimed to answer this and went about her baby's clothes with elaborate care. Her silence only served to further irritate him.

"Do you hear what I say? Since I am the father of this child, I propose to have some voice in it's bringing up." Here the telephone bell rang shrilly. With a muttered exclamation he went in to answer it.

With flushed cheeks Helen was still biding over the clothes when he came to the door again.

"Jim Westen wants me to go out to the country club to play golf. The rain's about stopped now," he spoke with a careful attempt at carelessness. "Well, have lunch with me and I can easily get back for dinner."

"Why, yes. Why don't you go," stily.

"Um—I think I will." He went into his room, got into his golf suit, strapped his clubs, and with a strained and perfunctory "Goodbye," he was back around seven, hurried off. The subject of their controversy was entirely ignored.

When the door banged after him, Helen went back into the nursery, turned on the radiator, which promptly renewed its sputtering. Then she carefully closed all the doors, and with a sigh of relief proceeded with the baby's bath.

COAL HEAVER IS A COUNT

St. Louis City Fireman Learns He is Heir to \$500,000.

ST. LOUIS, La., Oct. 8.—From a coal heaver to a German count with a fortune of nearly \$500,000 is the experience of Henry Von Hagerdorn of St. Louis City, a fireman on the Chicago and Omaha railroad, who Tuesday received a cablegram from Germany stating that by the death of Count Heinrich Von Hagerdorn of Strassburg he receives a fortune of \$450,000 and the title. Hagerdorn is 24 years old and has not been in Germany for 15 years.

STORM IS NOW PASSED

NOME, Alaska, Oct. 8.—Though the waves are still high and the wind Tuesday night is blowing about 30 miles an hour, fears of further destruction from fire or storm are over and the work of repair and of helping the hundreds of needy is under way.

THE RED BUTTON

A MYSTERY STORY OF NEW YORK

By WILL IRWIN

Copyright, The Hobbs-Blaettli Company

(Continued from Tuesday.)

"Well, the captain has two hundred dollars of mine—for you. I want you to understand it's a loan with interest at five per cent to be paid when it's safe. If you need any more, I'll send it to the skipper—same terms. That's agreed?"

"Yes. Why do you—?" "Take all this trouble? Old fool. Now, listen. There's a taxi over there discharging passengers at the Casino. We're going to flag it. We're going to take it as far as Sixth av., and we'll travel by elevated the rest of the way, because guards don't remember their passengers any taxi-cab drivers sometimes do. I ain't takin' any risks of being traced. We'll get on separate trains and meet on the dock—Pier 16 1-2 East river. Know how to find that? Well, I'll tell you as we go. Here! Taxi!" And Rosalie waved to the chauffeur.

"Sixth av. elevated. Nearest station," she directed.

In the midst of her minute instructions, Estrilla (or Perez) started once to thank her.

"How do you come to do this?" he said. "And how did the police ever—?" Rosalie put her mouth close to his ear.

"Taxis are built funny sometimes," she whispered. "The chauffeur might hear."

He turned on her a caressing look of gratitude. Life was back in his face and motion now. And Rosalie, looking him over, was moved to speak in such general terms as no chauffeur could possibly interpret.

"What I can't understand," she said, "is how a man could live in a situation like that and be gay and natural and take risks. Dagos—Italian and Spanish and such-like I mean—must be different. It beats me."

"I have learned that," said Estrilla. "I have learned that." He looked out on the seething rows of West Side apartment-houses, and dropped for a second into Spanish.

"Sangre de Dios!" he said, and then, "how I shall always love this city. They were drawing up at the elevated."

"Remember how to get there?" she whispered before she opened the door. "Sure? Go ahead and take the first train. I'll follow on the next. Walk slow after you get off. I'll walk fast—either of us wants to loiter on that pier."

If Estrilla hoped that he would hear further, clear of these mysteries at the dock, he was disappointed. As he passed the gate, Rosalie shot from under shadow of a truck. She glanced to right and left. None of the roustabouts was looking or listening.

THE MELTING POT

COME: TAKE POTLUCK WITH US.

KUBELIK'S form is conventional. He takes the square stance and uses the Vardon grip. His stroke is well controlled and he goes to the limit in his follow through. What is equally important, he keeps his eye on the fiddle.

MANY an aspirant for golfing honors at Sunnyside might copy the great Hungarian to advantage.

NEW YORK, Philadelphia and Chicago are the cynosure of all eyes this week. Much as we may protest and deny it baseball is the preeminent influence in this country. It is only a few days since Logansport suspended business and the public schools on account of a game between the local team and the Chicago Cubs.

The Equatorial Line Located. (Kokomo Dispatch.)

The feminine waistline, which has become a puzzle to man, is now located somewhere in the immediate vicinity of a broad, green ribbon.

SPENCER'S murder stories afford us a striking example of the tendency of human beings to stick close to their works. Purely hypothetical.

The National Game in Akron. (Akron Beacon-Journal.)

Sing a song of poker. Players full of eye. Four and twenty dollars. Stare you in the eye!

When the pot is opened. Three queens begin to sing: But "Jones comes another guy" And takes it with three kings! SOUTH BEND sports who trust their fate to the "ladies" will realize from the above the universal folly of it.

THE FISHERMAN AND HIS WIFE

AS TOLD BY AUNT GERTIE. CHAPTER I.

Once upon a time an old fisherman and his wife made their home in a pigstie close down by the sea. The fisherman earned the living for them both by catching and selling fish.

One day, as he sat at the end of the long wharf watching his line, something very heavy caught his bait and nearly pulled him into the water. But he managed to get it up to the surface and beheld a monster fish, such as he had never seen before!

"What do you think?" "Pray let me live!" he called as the fisherman started to haul him onto land. "I am not a real fish. I am an enchanted prince. Put me in the water again and let me go, won't you, please?"

The fisherman was so startled he could hardly think what to do. "Of course, if you are some freak sort of a creature I don't want anything to do with you, and I surely will put you back into the sea," said the fisherman.

He dropped the fish back into the water. It darted away immediately, leaving a long trail of blood behind on the waves.

When the fisherman reached home, he told his wife about his strange experience with the fish that said it was a prince.

denly; maybe she thought I was spotted. She's a mysterious thing, and she never would let me know what she was doing; but you instructed me to obey her orders and ask no questions."

"Yes, that's right," responded the inspector. "His rooms—Estrilla's—are being watched in case he returns."

"Yes. One man in the house and three shadowing from the outside. We've got some one at every place where he's likely to appear."

"All right. That will do." But Grimaldi's curiosity got for the moment the better of his sense of discipline.

"This Mrs. Le Grange," he said at the door, "where is she, anyhow?" "I wish I knew!" replied McGee. "I wish I knew—that will do, Grimaldi." Then the inspector fell to pacing the floor and to meditating. He had paced and meditated in this fashion ever since 8 o'clock that morning. He durst not leave his office. The search was covered at every point where the missing criminal or the missing Rosalie Le Grange might be expected to appear. Here, at headquarters, one would get the first news. He must stay in his office until—oh, why had he trusted Rosalie Le Grange to arrest a desperate criminal alone? For that Perez, alias Estrilla, was a criminal, and the tale about apoplexy a bizarre invention of desperation. Inspector McGee, cynical by police habit, never once doubted. One obvious suspicion did not occur to him; never for a moment did he distrust Rosalie.

She had gone out to make the arrest single-headed, for some good reason of her own. She had failed, and dreaded to come back without her man; she had been delayed and would appear with him yet; she had ventured too much and—something had happened to her. Here, Inspector McGee smote a fist into an open palm and swore under his breath. That consideration, and not the failure of the department to put the finishing touch on a big case, was the thing which haunted him now, made him unable to rest his body or to quiet his mind.

(To be continued.)

CHAPTER XX. When Dimples Win.

Inspector Martin McGee, as one who must do something, no matter how futile, to dull his impatience, rang a bell on his desk.

"Send for Grimaldi again," he said to the doorman.

"Grimaldi," he greeted the scholar of the Italian square, "what did this Mrs. LeGrange say to you when she let you go—and just when was it?"

"It was night before last," replied Grimaldi. "I'd met her for a report and told her that Estrilla—or Perez—had an engagement with his tailor to try on some clothes for two-thirty yesterday afternoon. She told me then that she had finished with me, and was to report back to headquarters—which I did yesterday. I don't know why she called me off so suddenly."

"That Beeleyport Woman's Suffrage club has issued an invitation to Lord George to address its October meeting. Pendlin's reply, arrangements are being pushed to make it a gala event."

Try NEWS-TIMES WANT ADS
Try NEWS-TIMES WANT ADS

DO NOT LIVE IN AN UNWIRED HOUSE

Electric wiring in the house is today as necessary as open plumbing. Candles and lamps belong to the era of the well pump. Electric light belongs to the present and the future.

People today realize that Electric Light means comfort, convenience, safety and healthfulness. The push button is safer and quicker than matches.

And now we have the MAZDA LAMPS which give three times as much light for the same cost as did the old carbon lamps. The millionaire can find no better light at any price—The working man can find no cheaper light.

You should see that your house is wired and get more and better light. You will be surprised to learn how cheaply and easily you can get this wiring installed. Call us on either phone—462—and our representative will explain our special wiring offer.

Indiana & Michigan Electric Company

220-222 West Colfax Av.

DRANK EXHIBIT "A."

NEW YORK, Oct. 7.—"Here, Judge, just swallow exhibit A," said Francis Gilbert, a lawyer, in Justice Pendergott's court.

Exhibit A was a bottle of beer, the quality of which was in dispute.

LI IS VICE-PRESIDENT.

PEKING, Oct. 7.—Gen. Li Yuan Hang, one of the leading generals in the revolution which overthrew the Manchu dynasty, was elected Tuesday vice-president of China by the assembly.

WHEN HELLER SAYS IT'S OAK, IT'S OAK

EYES EXAMINED

And Headaches Relieved without the use of Drugs by

H. LEMONTREE

South Bend's Leading Optician and Manufacturing Optician.

227 1/2 So. Michigan Street. Phone 504. Bell Phone 267. Sundays from 9 to 10:30 A. M.

TERMS \$1.00 EACH WEEK.

Buck's Celebrated Heaters

30 sizes and styles on display. Ask your neighbor what she thinks of her Buck stove.

SAILORS